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The Lord's Lamentation

Author Unknown

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THE
LORD'S Lamentation ;
 OR, THE
WHITTINGTON Defeat.

*—Immensas surgens ferit aurea Clamor
 Sydera ; —
 Scævit atrox Volsens. ——— VIRG. ÆN.*

GOD prosper long our noble King !
 Our Lives and Safeties all ;
 A woeful Horse Race late there did
 At Whittington befall.

Great B——d's Duke, a mighty Prince !
 A solemn Vow did make ;
 His Pleasure in fair *Staffordshire*,
 Three Summer's Days to take.

At once to grace his Father's Race,
 And to confound his Foes :
 But ah ! (with Grief my Muse does speak ;)
 A luckless Time he chose.

For some rude Clowns, who long had felt
 The Weight of *Tax* and *Levy*,
 Explain'd their Case unto his Grace,
 By Arguments full heavy.

" No G——w'r, they cry'd ! no Tool of Pow'r !
 At that the E——l turn'd pale : —
 " No G——w'r, no G——w'r, no Tool of Pow'r !
 Re-echo'd from each Dale.

Then B——d's mighty Breast took fire,
 Who thus enrag'd, did cry,
 " To Horse, my Lords, my Knights, my Squires ;
 " We'll be reveng'd, or die.

They mounted straight, all Men of Birth,
 Captains of Land and Sea ;
 No Prince or Potentate on Earth,
 Had such a Troop as he.

Great Lords and Lordlings close conjoin'd,
 A shining Squadron stood :
 But to their Cost, the *Yeoman Host*,
 Did prove the better Blood.

" A G——w'r, a G——w'r ! ye sons o'th' Whore ;
 " Vile Spawn of *Babylon* !
 This said, his G——ce did mend his Pace,
 And came full fiercely on.

Three Times he smote a sturdy Foe ;
 Who, undismay'd, reply'd,
 " Or be thou *Devil*, or be thou *D——ke*,
 " Thy Courage shall be try'd

The Charge began ; but on One Side
 Some Slackness there was found ;
 The smart Cockade in Dust was laid,
 And trampled on the Ground.

Some felt sore Thwacks upon their Backs,
 Some, Pains within their Bowels ;
 All who did joke the *Royal Oak*,
 Were well rubb'd with its Towel.

Then Terror seiz'd the plumed Troop,
 Who turn'd themselves to Flight ;
 Foul Rout and Fear brought up the Rear.
 Oh ! 'twas a piteous Sight ! —

Each Warrior urg'd his nimble Steed ;
 But none durst look behind ;
 Th' insulting Foe, they well did know,
 Had got 'em in the Wind.

Who ne'er lost Scent, until they came
 Unto the Gallow-Tree :
 " Now, said their Foes, we'll not oppose
 " Your certain Destiny.

" No further Help of our's ye lack,
 " Gra'mercy, with your Doom !
 " Trust to the Care o'th' three legg'd Mare ;
 " She'll bring ye *All* safe home.

Then wheel'd about, with this old Shout,
 " Confusion to the R——p !
 Leaving each Knight, to mourn his Plight,
 Beneath the triple Stump. —

Now Heav'n preserve such Hearts as these,
 From secret Treachery !
 Who hate a K——ve, and scorn a Slave,
 May such be ever Free !